A KENTUCKY MIRACLE. JUDGE JOHN M. RICE TELLS HOW HE WAS CURED OF RHEU-MATISM.

Crippled for Six Years With Sciation In Its Worst Form. He Expected to Die, But Was Saved in a Marvelous Manner.

(From the Covingion, Ky., Post.)

The Hon. John M. Bire, of Louisa, Lawrence County, Kontunky, has for the past two years retiral from active life as Criminal and Circuit Julys of the Sixteenth Judicial District of Kentucky.

He has for many yours served his native county an 1 state in the legislature at Feau'rfort and at Washington, and, until his retirement, was a noted figure in political and Judicial circles. The Judge is well known throughout the state and possesses the best qualities which go to make a Kentucky gontleman honored wherever he is known.

About six years ago the bolily troubles which finally caused his retirement at a time when his mental faculties were in the zenith of their strength, began their encrovehment upon his naturally strong constitution. A few days ago a Kentucky Post reporter ealled upon Judge Rice, who in the following words related the history of the causes that led to his retirement . "It is just about six years since I had an attack of rheumatism, slight at first, but soon developing into Sciatic rheumatism, which began first with acute shooting pains in the hips, gradually extending downward to my feet

"My condition became so bad that I eventually lost all power of my legs, an I then the liver, kidneys and bladder and, in fact, my whole system became deranged. I tried the treatment of many physicians, but receiving no lasting benefit from them. I had recourse to patent remedies, trying one kind after another until I believe there were none I had

not sampled.

"In 1888, attended by my son John. I went to Hot Springs, Ark. I was not much benefited by some months' stay there when I returned home. My liver was actually dead, and a dull, persistent pain in its region kept. In 1890 I was me on the rack all the time. In 1890 I was reappointed Circuit Judge, but it was impossible for me to give attention to my duties, In 1891 I went to the Silurian Springs, Wakeshaw, Wis. I stayed there some time, but without improvement.
"Again I returned home, this time feeling

"Again I returned home, this time feeling no hopes of recovery. The muscles of my limbs were now reduced by atrophy to mere strings. Sciatic nains fortured me terribly, but it was the disordered condition of my liver that was, I feit, gradually wearing my life away. Doctors gave me up, all kinds of remedies had been tried without avail, and there was nothing more for mate do but resign myself to fate.

"I lingered on in this condition sustained almost entirely by stimulants until April,

"Hingered on in this condition sustained almost entirely by stimulants until April, 1898. One day John saw an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in the Kentucky Post. This was something new, and as one more drug after so many others could not do so much harm, John prevailed upon me to try the Pink Pills. It was, I think, in the first week in May the pills arrived. I remember I was not expected to live for more than three or four days at the think, in the first week in May the pills arrived. I remember I was not expected to live for more than three or four days at the time. The effect of the Pills, however, was marvelous, and I could soon eat heartily, a thing I had not done for years. The liver began almost instantaneously to perform its functions, and has done so ever since. Without doubt, the pills saved my life, and, with I do not gray protogicy. I cannot re-

Without doubt, the pills saved my life, and, while I do not crave notoriety, I cannot reluse to testify to their worth.

The reporter called upon Mr. Hughes, the Louisa druggist, who informed him that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been very popular since Judge Rice used them with such benefit. He mentioned several who have foun I wildlife their was

fit. He mentioned several and relief in their use.

An analysis of Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing spacific for such diseases, as leasure. failing spacific for anoth diseases, as leasest tor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in buik or oy the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady

Sherman Had His Fun.

In 1886, General Sherman, then retired, visited a military post and was present while the class was at signal drill. The instruction was with the heliograph—an instrument invented since the Civil War. The General seemed interested, but affected not to understand its use, and wanted it explained, at the same time he stood so as carefully to intercept with his person the sun's rays from the mirror, so the signaling ceased. "Go on with your work, boys! Don't stop for me. I'm a back number!" called the General. "We can't, General. You are cutting off the light," replied the operator at the screen. The General jumped back quickly, apologizing as he did so: "Yes, yes, the world is marching on and we old men have had our day and are straggling behind. Why, in my time we did this sort of thing by shaking flags, and we called it 'wig-wag.'" Then he laughed and walked away across the



Clarence D. Crockett

Almost Blind

Blood Purified and Sight Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla. "Three years ago Clarence, three years old,

was taken with scrofu'a on the head which grafually spread until it got into his eyes and he became alm at blind. We did everything that could be done with the assistance of a skilled physician, but nothing did him any good. His head and neck were one mass of corruption, and we thought he

Would Lose His Eyesight. It was then that we common red to use Hood's Sar-apar lia, and in less than three weeks his eyes began to improve. In a short time the sorres took on a hea thy appearance and gradually healed, and now at are gone, and Ciar-



nce is a bright and healthy child, with cocautiful eyes. We are satisfied that Ho beautiful eyes. We are satisfied that i Sarsapavilla has made a complete cure M. Chockett, Jr., Murfreesboro, Tenn.

FLORIDA WANT A HOME IN FLORIDA Plant City, Fin.

B N U 19

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

day Sermon. ubject: "The Spiritual Conflicts of Life."

the Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sun-

Text "And Jacob was left alone, and there wrestled a man with him until the break-ing of the day. And when he saw that he pre-vailed not against him he touched the hol-low of his thigh, and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him.

And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh.

And he said, I will not let thee go except thou
bless me."—Genesis xxxii., 21-26.

The dust arose from a traveling herd of cattle and sheep and goats and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the good will of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest for the weary man, no shining there is no rest for the weary man, no shining ladder to let the angels down into his dream, but a flerce combat, that lasts until the morning, with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his superior power, by a fouch wrenches Jacob's thigh bone from its socket, perhaps maining him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to them Jacob sees it is an angel with gin to ripen Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending, and not one of his brother's coadjutors. "Let me go," cries the angel, lifting himself up into increasing light, "The day breaketh!"

You see, in the first place, that Go I allows

gool people sometimes to get into a terrible gool people sometimes to get into a terrision struggle. Jacob was a gool man, but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremen lous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit; for Daniel, a wild beast den, for David, dethronement and exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's ax, for Peter, a prison; for Paul, shipwreck; for John, desolate Patmos; for Vashti, most insulting cruelty; for Josephine, banishment; for Mrs. Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife; cruelty; for Josephine, banishment; for Mrs. Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife; for John Wesley, stones hurled by an infuriated mob; for Catherine, the Scotch girl, the drowning surges of the sea; for Mr. Burns, the buffeting of the Montreal populace; for John Brown, of Edinburgh, the pistol shot of Lord Claverhouse; for Hugh McKail, the scaffold; for Latimer, the stake; for Christ, the cross. For whom the rocks, the gibbets, the guillotines, the thumbser-ws? For the sons and daughters of the Lord Gol Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "I am against the world."

I will go further an i say that every Christian has his struggle. This man had his combat in Wall street; this one on Broad street; this one on Fulton street; this one on Chestnut street; this one on State street, this one on Lombard street; this one on the bourse. With financial misfortune you have

bourse. With financial misfortune you have had the midnight wrestle. Redhot disasters had the midnight wrestle. Redhot disasters have dropped into your store from loft to cellar. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted fled. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms and grip like death, took hold of you in an awful wrestle from which you have not yet escaped, and it is uncertain whether it will throw you or you will throw it.

Here is another soul in struggle with some Here is another soul in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. One hour he woke up. He suit, "For the sake of my soul, of my family, and of my children, and of my God, I must stop this!" And, behold, 'e found himself alone by the brook Jabook, and it was midnight. That evil appete seized upon him, and he seized upon it, and, oh, the horror of the conflict! When once a bad habit has aroused itself up to destroy a man and the man has sworn that, by

stroy a man and the man has sworn that, by the help of the eternal Gol, he will destroy it, all heaven draws itself out in a long line of light to look from above, and hell stretches itself in myr.nidons of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for such a struggle, and they have bitten their lips and clinched their fists and cried, with a blood rel earnest-ness and a rain of scalding tears, "Gol

From a wrestle with habit I have seen men From a wreetle with habit I have seen men fall back defeated. Calling for no help, but rerying on their own resolutions, they have come into the struggle, and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit, but that habit railied again its infernal power and lifted a soul from its standing, and with a force borrowed from the pit hurled it into utter darkness. First I saw the nuclioneer's mallet fall on First I saw the auctioneer's mallet fall on the pictures and musical instruments and the rich upholstery of his family parlor. After awhile I saw him fall into the ditch. Then, in the midnight, when the children were dreaming their sweetest dreams and Christian households are stient with slumber, angel watched, I heard him give the sharp shriek that followed the stab of his own poniar! He fell from an honored social position; he fell from a family circle of which once he was the grandest attraction; he fell from the beauty of the property of the state of from the house of Go I, at waose afters he had been consecrated; he fell-forever! But, thank God, I have often seen a better

I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help when they went into combat. The giant habit, regaled by the cup of many temptations, came out strong and deflut. They clinched. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But the old giant began to waver, and, at last, in the midnight alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jubbok, the giant fell, and the triumphant westler broke the dark ness with the cry, "fanns be unto God, who gireth us the velory throng) our Lord Jesus Christ." There is a widow's heart that first was desolated by bere evenent and Jesus Christ." There is a widow's heart that first was desolated by bere evenent and since by the auxieties and trials that came

in the support of a family.

It is a said thing to see a man contending for a livelihood under disadvantages, but to see a delicate woman, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of povones at her bross, is most affecting. It was a humble home, and passers by knew not that within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than those of Hunnibal crossing the Alps, or the pass of Tuer-

mopyle or Balaklava, where "into the jaws of death rode the six hundred." These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on, but there were none to applaud the struggle in the humble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head, and weak side, and exhausted strength, through the long night by the brook strength, through the long night by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgotten to be gracious? No, contending soul! The midnight air is full of wings coming to the rescue. She hears it now in the sough of the night wind, in the ripple of the brook Jabbok —the promise made so long ago ringing down the sky, "Thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in Me!" Some one said to a very poor woman, "How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said. "I do it by what I call cross prayers When I had my rent to pay and nothing to pay it with, and bread to but and nothing to pay it with, and bread to buy and nothing to buy it with. I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to a corner of the street I say, 'The Lord help me.' I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say, 'Tae Lord help me.' And so I utter a prayer at every crossing, and since I have got into the habit of saying these cross prayers' I have been able to been up my courties.'

been able to keep up my courage."

Learn again from this subject that people cometimes are surprise I to fin I out that what they have been struggling with in the darkness is really an "angel of blessing." Jacob found in the morning that this strange personage was not an enemy, but a Gol dissoning was not an enemy, but a dol't as-patched messenger to promise prosperity for him and for his children. And so many a man, at the close of his trial, has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man, I will go back in your history and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to you have been your trials. Nothing short of

scourging, imprisonment and shipwreck could have made Paul what he was.

When David was fleeing through the wilderness pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Leading the state of best schools at which Joseph ever graduate I. The hurric me that upset the tent and kille I Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poom that bas astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thrigh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have had their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless an i unhappy. If you want to fluid the water. Fifty excursionists were drowned. cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth

window in Paris and serenaled him. They put upon his brown golden crown of Jaurel leaves. But amid all the applause and en-thusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said, "I would give all this brilliant seems for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything this world could give him, to the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose mis-

The hill of Zion yiel is

A thousa de crei sweets

Before we reach the heavenly fiel is

Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound And every tear be dry We are marching through Immanual's ground To fairer worlds on high.

It is prosperity that kills and trouble that aves. While the Israelites were on the saves. While the Israelites were on the march, amil great privations and har Iships, they behave I well. After awhile they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a great flock of quaits, and these quaits fell in large multitudes all about the notal the forestites ate and ate and stufed themselves until they died. Oh, my friends, it is not hardship or trial or starvation that injures the soul, but about land supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats upthe Caristian's life; it is the quaits, it is the quaits! You will yet find out that your midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok is with the angel of God, come down to bless and save.

Learn again that while our wrestling

Learn again that while our wrestling with trouble may be traumphant we must expect that if will leave its mark upon us. Jacob prevailed, but the angel touched him, and his thigh bone sprang from its socket. and the good man went limping on his way. We must carry through this world the mark of the combat. What proved those premature wrinkles in your face? What waitened your hair before it was time for frost? What your hair before it was time for frost? What silenced forever so much of the hilarity of your household? Ah, it is because the angel of trouble hath touched you that you ap limping on your way. You need not be sateprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as they once did. Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet their gait shall tell you that they have been trouble. Are we stoics that we can, un-

touched. Are we stoics that we can, un-moved, see our cradle rifled of the bright moved, see our craile rifled of the bright eyes and the sweet lips? Can we stand unmoved and see our gardens of earthly delicht uprooted? Will Jesus, who wept Himself, be angry with us if we pour our tears into the graves that onen to swallow down what we love best? Was Lazarus more dear to Him than our beloved dead to us? No We have a right to weep. Our tears must come. You shall not drive them back to seald the heart. They fall into Go I's bottle. come. You shall not drive them back to scald the heart. They fall into Gol's bottle. Afflicted ones have died because they could not weep. Thank Gol for the sweet, the mysterious relief that comes to us in tears! Under this gentle rain the flowers of comput forth their bloom. God pity that dry, withered, purched, all consuming grief that wrings its hands and grin is its teeth and little its pails unto the quick, but cannot wings its mails unto the quick, but cannot weep! We may have found the comfort of the cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night and by the brook Jabbok we were

Again, we may take the idea of the text and announce the approach of the day dawn. No one was ever more glad to see the moraing than was Jacob after that night of struging than was Jacob after that night of struggle. It is appropriate for philanthropists and Christiaus to cry out with this angel of the text, "The day breaketh." The world's prospects are brightening. The church of Christ is rising up in its strength to go forth "fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with happers."

ble as an army with banners."
Clap your hands, all ye people, the day breaketh. The bigotries of the earth are parishing. The time was when we were told that if we wanted to get to heaven we must be immersed or sprinkled, or we must believe in the perseverance of the saints, or in falling away from grace, or a liturgy or no liturgy, or they must be Calvinists or Arminians in order to reach heaven. We have all come to confess now that these are non-ssentials in religion.

During my vacation one summer I was in

non-ssentials in religion.

During my vacation one summer I was in a Presbyterian audience, and it was Sacramental day, and with grateful heart I received the Holy Communion. On the next Subbath I was in a Methodist church and sat at a love feast. On the following Subbath I was in an Episcopal church and knelt at the alter and received the consecrated bread. I do not know which service I enjoyed the most. "I believe in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting." "The day breaketh."

As I look upon this audience I see many

As I look upon this audience I see many who have passed through waves of trouble that came up higher than their girdle. In Go I will bring your dead to life. God will stanch the heart's blee ling. I know He will. Like as a father pities his children, so th Lord pities you. The pains of earth will end. The tomb will burst. The deal will rise. The morning star trembles on a brightening sky. The gates of the east begin to The day breaketh.

swing open. The day breaketh.

Luther and Melanchthon were talking together gloomily about the prospects of the church. They could see no hopes of deliverance. After awhile Luther got up and said to Melanchthon: "Come, Pailipp, let us sin; the forty-sixth psalm of David, 'Go1 is our refuge and strength, a very pleasant help in trousle. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof rour and be trousle. though the waters thereof rour and be trou-hiel; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selab."

Death to many, nay to all, is a struggle in I a wrestle. We have many frien is that an I a wrestle. We have many frien is that it will be hard to leave. I care not how bright our luture hops is. It is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world and know thing to look upon this fair world and know the large again say its biossoming. that we shall never again see its biossoming sprint, its falling fruits, its sparkling streams and to say farewell to those with waom we played in childhood or counseled in manhood. In that night, like Jaco's, we may have to wrestle, but God will not leave us unblessed. It shall not betold in heaven that diving soul origination, and for help. ns unblessed. It shall not below in heaven that a dying soul cried unto Gol for help, but was not delivered. The lattice may be turned to keep out the sun, or a book set to dim the light of the mitinight tapar, or the goom may be filled with the cries of orphanage and widowhoo l, or the church of Christ may mourn over our going, but if Jesus calls

may mourn over our going, but if Jesus calls all is well. The strong wrestling by the brook will cease; the hour of death's night will pass along—I o'clock in the morning, 2 o'clock in the morning. The day breaketh.

So I would have it when I die. I am in no gru lge against this world. The only lault I have to find with the world is that it freats me too well, but when the time comes to go I trust to be ready, my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want then to be sure of their for givenness. In settled. If I have wronged others, I want then to be sure of their forgivenness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness and my head faint, I want Jesus oeside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want the heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus, help me on and help me up. Unicaring, undoubting, may I step right out into the light and he able to look back to my kindred and friends who would detain me here, excludingly "Let me go; let me go. Tae any broaketh!"

KILLED BY AN EXPLOSION.

Fatal Accident in a Philadelphia Electric Light Plant.

A six-inch steam-pipe in the plant of the Southern Electric Company, Broad street and Washington avenue, Philadelphia, exploded, killing one man and injuring three

The pipe was about 10 feet in length, and onnected a manifold box, in which the steam from five large boilers was accumulated, with the 500 horse-power engine running the dynamos. The pipe was seen to tremble for half an hour before it broke.

TERRIBLE DISASTER.

Pier Crowded With Excursionists Gives Way-Hundreds Drowned.

A terrible accident occurred at Brabilova. Roumania. While the pier was crowded with people in holiday attire, bound for Galitz, on the Danube, waiting for the steamer which was to convey them to that place, the pier gave way, and threw about 120 people into BUDA-PEST.—The newspapers here in their accounts of the accidents at Brabilova, assert time a company of musicians came under his that two hundred persons were downed

VIRGINIA AND WEST VIRGINIA

The Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts of

the States. John Small, aged 21 years, met with a hor-

rible accident at Martinsburg which will probably result in his death. He was shoveling sawdust from the pit of Wm. Criswell's sawmill, and raising his head too high was caught by the saw and his head was mangled so badly that his brain cozed from the

While walking beside the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad track on 16th street, Wheeling, an approaching train, which she did not hear, struck Miss Margaret Cabill, of Washington, Pa., killing her instantly. A bolt on the engine struck her on the forehead, making the

At the head of Tug river, Tyler Harmon met Evan B. Freeman and his brother, Hon W. L. Freeman in the road. Harmon carried a Winchester rifle and the others had revolvers. A quarrel, over a fued originating 12 years ago over some land, ensued and all three began shooting. Evan Freeman was killed outright and Wm. Freeman was fataliy injured. Harmon was unburt and made his escape. Wm. L. Freeman was a member of the last State Legislature.

Burwell Glidden and Lloyd Trader, of Guildford, was shot by Wm. J. Sommers, Samuel J. Justis, E. T. Somers and T. B. Mason, on their oyster planting grounds on Bernard's bar, Guilford creek, Bullets entered Glidden's back and head. Trader recived a bullet in the hip. They were taken in their boat to Guard Shore landing by their captors, who summoned Squire Clayton and Constable Dix. Trader was held in bail for ourt. The captors, who are extensive oyster planters, and who suffered heavy losses from trespasses on their grounds, claim to have aught the men in the act of taking their oysters and to have hailed them before firing-No action has been taken by the authorities against the shooters.

An order has been issued from the adjutant-general's office in Richmond exonerating Captain Seay and his battery from the harges preferred against them by members of other military organizations in Lynchburg. The order mildly reprimands those who preferred the charges.

Postmaster-General Bissell, in a conversation with Congressman George D. Wise, of Virginia, a few days ago, said he had told the people of Buffalo that there was more architectural style and beauty on Franklin street in Richmond than in any street in any other city of the Union.

Thomas Cox, a sawyer in Captain John M. Preston's saw-mill, near Seven-Mile Ford, Marion county, had his leg cut off. A physician could not be reached until next morning

and he died from loss of blood the same day, John Burford, attempted to jump on a moving freight train at Bedford City, but was caught under the wheels and horribly mangled. He died after a few hours.

Col. E. V. White, of Loudoun county, has declined to accede to numerous requests to become a candidate for Congress in the eighth district of Virginia.

George Michael Gary, an estimable citizen of Washington, Rappahannock county, died last week after a protracted illness, aged seventy-one years.

Capt. R. M. Hall, aged seventy-one, and Mrs. E. Wilkerson, aged sixty-three, were married in Albemarle county.

Hon. John Goode will deliver the address before the graduates in law at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, in June next. A fine road has been completed from Charlottesville to Monticello. It is probably the best thoroughfare in Albemarle county,

A Western banker last week purchased a farm on York river, near Williamsburg, for

Mr. William Fitzhugh Meade, of White Post, Clarke county, who died Saturday last, ard Kidder Meade, an aide to General Wash ington in the revolutionary war. He was a nephew of Bishop Meade. He commenced the practice of law in Alexandria before the war between the States, but did not return after the war.

In the United States Circuit Court at Richmond a verdict was rendered in the case of J. M. Patterson, administrator, vs. Richmond and Danville Railroad Company, giving the plaintiff \$5,000 damages. The complaint was that C. C. Patterson, a brakeman on the Richmond and Danville Road, was killed by the negligent act of the defendant company. The plaintiff was represented by Hon. John T. Allen, of Pulaski, Tenn., and Messrs. S. P. Patterson and Archer Anderson, Jr., of Richmond. The suit was for \$10,000 damages and this is the second time the case has been tried, the verdict in each instance being

\$5,000. W. T. Dev, a prominent citizen of Norfolk, died at his home in Brambleton. He was teller in the National Bank and formerly deputy treasurer of the city. He was a Mason and Knight Templar and belonged to other organizations. Deceased was fortythree years of age and leaves awidow and

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

THE Duke of Edinburg can speak seven

modern languages. MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER and Mr. Bellew are meeting with great success in their tour

THE most noted shot among British ladies is Lady Eva Quin, wife of Captain Wyndham, heir presumptive to the Earl of Dunraven. DR. KATE BUSHNELL, who represents the

World's Christian Temperance Union, is lecturing on temperance in China and Japan. THE Czar of Russia receives no salary. His income arises from 1,000,000 square miles of land that he owns, comprising forests, mines and other resources. He is estimated to be

worth £2,200,000 a year. THE first prize in connection with the "Battle of Flowers" at Nice recently was awarded to the Gaekwar and Maharani of Baroda, whose carriage was almost hidden by a beautiful arrangement of yellow flowers.

LORD BRASSEY never goes on a cruise without taking with him a couple of type-writers and a barrel-organ. He amuses himself when things are dull on board by grinding out music, and the writers are engaged in duplicating the ship's log, which is transmitted, at every port it touches, to members of

Miss Leila Adair, the renowned American aeronaut, is giving exhibitions in Australia. She has made a number of successful ascen sions, but on March 7 the baloon became unmanageable and Miss Adair was landed in the Rangito Channel. She was in the water five minutes when she was rescued by a steamer passing.

Ar the marriage of the eldest son of Babu Raj Kumar Roy, Zomindar of Narail, recently, the procession was a most imposing one the bridegroom party alone consisting of 1200 to 1500 men. A notable inovation in the shape of an Indian female string band, which drove with the procession in a wagonette, attracted a great deal of attention.

DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE. Daring Slide on Historic Lookout Taken

by an Unknown Coaster.

A short, compactly built man with

heavy blonde mustache took a toboggan slide down Lopkout Mountain the other afternoon He went via the incline and made the trip from the Point Hotel to the engine house, a distance of 4,500 feet, in three and one half minutes, which is just one-third the time that it takes a car to descend, remarks the Chattanooga Times. Fully 100 people saw him make the lightuing-like descent and all were greatly excited. The nervy coaster, however, was as cool as the proverbial cucumber, and, upon reaching the foot of the mountain, walked away as coolly as though it had taken him an hour to descend. About 4 o'clock the coaster appeared at the Point Hotel with what appeared to be a block of wood about eight inches square under his arm. On one side of the block was a steel horseshoe, in the curve of which was a small flanged wheel. The other side of the block was s'ightly concave. The block was put on the outside rail of the incline, the wheel fitting close, and the horns of the horseshoe were on either side. Then the man put a heavy glove on his rog from cabin to cabin late at night, right hand, and sitting down on the block started down the mountain without more ado. He held his feet crossed straight and before him, and rested them on the iron rail. For a few feet the little one-wheel car moved slowly, and then the speed increased until it and its human freight were going down the mountain at a rate that made the spectators hold their breath. When a curve was reached the coaster slowed up half a mile on quiet nights, the slightly by pressing his heels against music has a mysterious charm to put the rail and strailed himself by a spell upon the dullest ear. touching the cable with his gloved hand. Final'y, when he reached the very heavy grade just above t'e engine house he took off all brakes and came down like a shot out of a gun. Arriving at the bottom he put on the "heel" brakes and gently came to a stop just in the depot. Coolly rising from his queer vehicle he placed it under his arm and walked quietly away before any of the astonished spectators had a chance to recover their breath or ask any questions.

The Greenland Dove.

A few weeks ago a very odd look ing bird was seen on the ocean teach at Stoolington, Connecticut. It is a pity that it could not have been caught instead of being shot as it was, for a local ernithologist discovered it to be a little auk, that had strayed away from its home within the Arctic circle.

The man who shot it had it mounted. and set it up in his home. It is as big as a full blown 'snowball' blossom, plump as a pullet, with little short wings. About its head, neck, an I shoulders is a cape of black, glossy feathers, while its breast is as white as snow. Its dark wings are tipped with white patches and its bill is as black as coal. It is webfooted, and from the tip of its bill to the end of its tail feathers it is eight in hes long.

Mariners who sail in Arctic waters

swim under water. It is perfectly at home, whether affoat or ashore, and, when weary of scafaring, tucks its head under ts wings and goes to bottles of it." sleep, "rocked in the cradie of the deep." It subsists on fish and small crabs, and lays one egg of a pale greenish blue, like the northern sea.

Dr. Klimer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free, Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Fort Worth, Texas, has a mule born with-out cars. The poor creature looks ashamed

F. J. Cheney & Co., Tole lo. O., Props of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Itall's Catarra Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Solid by Druggists, 75c.

Life savers on the French coart are here after to be aided by trained dogs.

In 1850 "Brown's Bronchial Troches" were in-troduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been un-paralleled.

One of the members of the British House of Commons is a cab driver.

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in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from

every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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ONE of the pleasant things of rural Delaware is the singing of the negroes. It is characteristic of the colored people to delight in "running," as the phrase is, which means visitand no matter at what uncanny hour business may call forth a white man, he is sure to encounter one or more groups of negroes tramping the "big road" and cheering their journey with song. Superstitious fear and good fellowship forbid that any negro should travel by night alone, and on moonlight nights all the ways are vocal with the choruses of these late travelers. As heard at a distance of

Precaution Against Cold. Mrs. Inchbald had a child-like directness and simplicity of manner, which, combined with her personal loveliness and halting, broken utterance, gave to her conversation, which was both humorous and witty, a most comical charm. Once, after traveling all day in a pouring rain, the dripping coachman offered her his arm to help her out, when she exclaimed, to the amusement of her fellow-travelers: "Oh, no, no! Y-y-yyou will give me my death of cold! Do bring me a-a-a-a dry man."

Air is a meal of which we are con stantly partaking-hence it should



call the little ank the Greenland dove. It especially loves the snowy region invested by the Arctic c rele, and conithologists say that if the North pole should ever be discovered flocks of these little birds will be found in the neighb rhood.

In spite of its short wings, the little auk travels through the a rlike a rice shot; it dives expertly, and can swill made a roughly selected and surject and page to the constitution of the constitutio down rouns and pune in My and length of time. I I would be on my feet any length of time. I was recommended to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which I did with happy results. feel like a new person after taking three

I feel like a new person after taking three bottles of it."

As we have just heard from the frigid North, we will now introduce a letter received from the Sunny South. The following is from Mrs. J. T. Smith, of Oalduskee, Cleburne Ce., Ala. She writes: "I was afflicted and suffered unteld pains and misery, such as ne pen can describe, for six years. I was confined to bed most of the time. I expected the cold hand of death every day. I was afflicted with leucorrhea—with excessive flowing—falling of the womb—bearing down sensation—pain in the small of my back—my bowels costive—smarting, itching and burning in the vagina, also palpitation of the heart. When I bagan taking your medicine I could not sit up, only a few minutes et a time, I was so weak. I took Dr. Pierce's Fleasant Pellets every night. I have taken seven bottles of the 'Proscription' three times per day and one of Dr. Pierce's Fleasant Pellets every night. I have taken seven bottles of the 'Proscription' and five bottles of the 'Pellets.' I took these medicines seven months, regularly, never missod a day. These medicines cured me. I feel as well as I ever did in my life. Four of the best doctors in the land treated my case four years. They all gave me up as hopeless—they said I could not be cured, and could not live. Through the will of God, and your medicines, I have been restored to the best of health." Yours truly,

uers &J. Smith

great suffering that I so long endured."
Yours truly,

W. O. Gunelle C.

As a powerful, invigorating, restorative tonic "Favorite Prescription" improves digestion and nutrition thereby building up solid, wholesome flesh, and increasing the strength of the whole system. As a soothing and strengthening nervine "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prestration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms. Chorea, or St. Vitus's Dance, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attentressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refraching sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency. Even insanity, when dependent upon womb disease, is cured by it.

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Dr. Pierce's Book (168 pages, illustrated)
on "Woman and Her Diseases," giving successful means of Home Treatment, will be mailed in plain envelope, securely sealed from observation on receipt of ten cents to pay postage. See the Doctor's address near the head of this article.

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